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form where more honour and truth were
enshrin'd
Than in his who has render'd thy waves
dear to me!

And these are the paths, arm in arm
where we've stray'd,
As fondly I hoped we should journey
through life;
And here is the spot where with rapture
he said
He still bless'd the day which had made
me his wife!
O! green be the earth on this seat all the
year;
Still sacred to friendship and love may
it be;
Though oft its soft grass is bedew'd with
a tear,
No spot on the earth is so dear unto me.
Enough, my full heart, from this scene
let me go;
Behold where the sun-beams dance bright
through the leaves,
Perhaps his warm influence a balm may
bestow—
Alas! no, *this* prospect more painfully
grieves;
For there stands the cot where each bless-
ing I knew,
Its walls through the green waving foliage
I see;
Nor could Fancy picture a more rural
view—
Oh view! how belov'd, and how mournful
to me.

O cot, where I've tasted of joy and of
woe!
As great as e'er falls to humanity's part!
My love in your walls did true happiness
know,
And there burst the sighs that at last rent
his heart.
Oh! thought full of anguish, for ever in
view,
With pain, thou lov'd dwelling, each
beauty I see,
But while this sad heart to its feelings
beats true,
Thou canst not be view'd with indiff'rence
by me.

The sun now declines to his western
retreat,
The grave tints of ev'ning steal over the
lawn;
O spirit, with whom this fond heart is
replete!
Dost thou e'er visit here, at the ev'ning
or dawn?
Oh, heart-soothing thought! thou may'st
now round me hover,
And all my fond wishes be known unto
thee—

BELFAST MAG. NO. IX.

For sure, if permitted, my life thou'lt
watch over!
O spirit benign! shed thy influence o'er
me.

Wrapt in thought, as I stray, dark
shades veil the sky,
How awful these gusts of the wind through
the trees!
Methinks now each branch for my loss
seems to sigh—
More soothing these blasts than the ze-
phyr's soft breeze.
Ah! scenes dear to mem'ry! thou steals't
from my eyes,
Soon dark as the grave ev'ry prospect
shall be,
But morning, more glorious, to thee shall
arise:
Ah, can morn e'er enliven the wretched
like me!

April, 1805.

DELIA.

ON SPRING.

THE blackbird whistles joyful notes,
And from a thousand little throats,
What sweet, what varied music flows
On every gentle gale that blows!
Oh! this is rapture! this is Spring,
When all is young, and all is fair,
Who would not try with these to sing,
And cast away all grovelling care!
The dewy earth, gemm'd o'er with flowers,
The warbling birds, the thick'ning bowers,
The balmy air, the lengthening days
All serve delightful hopes to raise:
For now is hope, and now is joy,
No fear of winter shall annoy,
The present bliss, for every day,
We know, new beauties will display.
The branches now, just tipp'd with green,
All dress'd in leaves will soon be seen,
Now scatter'd birds most sweetly sing;—
Soon with full harmony shall ring,
The shady groves, and larks on high,
Will, as they chaunt, approach the sky.
'Tis thus in childhood's charming days,
The mother views the engaging ways,
Which, one by one, bud forth and blossom,
She clasps her darling to her bosom,
And present bliss, and hoped for joy,
Mix sweetly as she eyes her boy.

ELIZA.

LINES

*To the Memory of the late John O'Neil, esq.
of Banvale.*

NO longer Banvale, mourn as fair a name,
As e'er to virtue laid an honest claim;
But thank thy God, that he so long did spare
A life so useful, and a friend so dear;
Where dignity and sweetness well combin'd,
To form and harmonize a perfect mind.
O O